ANNALS OF MEDICINE

TEN FEET TALL

OF all the wonderfully mettlesome drugs that crowd the contemporary medicine chest, two distinct but functionally related substances, called cortisone and ACTH, are by far the most vivacious. They are also the most peculiar, the most provocative, and the most dimly understood. Neither, in the usual sense, is a therapeutic agent. Unlike the sulfonamides, the antibiotics, and even, perhaps, the vitamins, they possess no curative powers. Though often spectacularly brilliant, their salubrious effects, which include the relief of pain, the reduction of fever, and the reversal of crippling infirmities, are seldom more than palliative and almost never permanent. In this respect, they resemble nothing so much as aspirin. The resemblance is not, however, otherwise pronounced.

Cortisone and ACTH are hormones. A hormone is a chemical mediator produced by the body and essential to maintaining its intricate equilibrium. The term derives from *hormao*, the Greek word for "excite," or "stimulate." The manufacture of hormones is among the several functions of the several ductless glands—the thyroid, the parathyroid, the pituitary, the adrenals, the gonads, the thymus, and the pancreatic islets of Langerhans—that form the endocrine system. Since 1902, when the British physiologists Sir William Bayliss and Ernest Starling first demonstrated the role of an endocrine secretion in the digestive process, some twenty different hormones have been identified and studied. Their range of influence has yet to be fully established, but it is known to embrace such factors as body size, mental tone, metabolic tempo, and sexual development and capacity. Around ten of these substances, including ACTH (or, more formally, adreno-corticotropic hormone), are pituitary products. The pituitary is both the smallest and the most important of the ductless glands. By the sporadic release into the blood stream of one or another of its numerous hormones, each of which stimulates a specific gland, it regulates the hormonal output of all the other endocrines. ACTH stimulates the cortex of the adrenals. This is a barklike layer of tissue that elaborates, among other hormones, one known to biochemists as 17-hydroxy-cortico-sterone, from which another, called 17-hydroxy-11-dehydro-cortico-sterone, can be derived. 17-hydroxy-11-dehydro-cortico-sterone is cortisone.

The development of cortisone and ACTH, like most scientific triumphs, was the work of several variously gifted hands. Cortisone came first. Its discovery was charted in 1930, when investigators at Princeton, Ohio State University, and elsewhere demonstrated for the first time that adrenal cortical extracts prepared from animal glands possessed definite hormone powers. Five years later, it was isolated, also from animal glands, by Tadeus Reichstein, a professor of organic chemistry at the University of Basel, and Edward C. Kendall, a biochemist on the staff of the Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research. A test devised shortly thereafter by a Mayo physiologist showed it to be biologically active. ACTH was isolated in 1943. A biochemist named Choh Hao Li and some colleagues of his at the University of California are among those prominently associated with its discovery. A team of Armour & Co. chemists, working with pig pituitaries, managed to produce a small amount of ACTH in 1946, but several more years passed before it was available in even experimental quantities. By then, cortisone had been mastered. In 1948, after six years of hard labor, Lewis H. Sarett, a chemist in the employ of Merck & Co., evolved a synthesis that made it possible to produce cortisone commercially. It was given its first clinical trial by Philip S. Hench, chief rheumatologist at the Mayo Clinic, in September of that year. The results were all but dumfounding.

Hench, like many others, had for some time suspected that there might be a connection between adrenal insufficiency and rheumatic disease. He therefore chose for his pioneering test a victim of rheumatoid arthritis. The patient was a woman of twenty-nine, bedridden and in almost constant misery. Hench placed her on a course of a hundred milligrams of cortisone a day. After only three days of treatment, she was able to move without pain. The next day, she felt even better, and it was possible for her to stand unaided and take a few halting steps. Four days later, she walked out of the Clinic for an afternoon of shopping. She returned, after three hours, no more than normally fatigued. Hench halved her dosage, and hoped. Nothing happened. Reassured, he reduced it again by half. For several days, the patient continued to move about freely and comfortably. Then, little by little, the familiar symptoms reappeared, and by the end of a week, she was locked once more in agony. Hench put her back on a hundred milligrams a day. Her decline abruptly halted, and again she began to improve. Hench and his associates (Kendall, C. H. Slocumb, and H. F. Polley) sat down and reviewed the experience. Its meaning seemed reasonably plain. Six months later, having repeated the test, with identical results, on thirteen more arthritics, it was clear beyond any question. Cortisone (and, as Hench was subsequently inspired to discover, ACTH) had an incomparable capacity to relax the grip of one of man's cruelest diseases. It also, most certainly, provided medical science with an investigative tool of truly inestimable value. But it was not a cure. It was, for all its extraordinary energy, only an alleviative.

The usefulness of cortisone—and what is said of cortisone may generally be said of ACTH—is not confined to rheumatoid arthritis. Since April, 1949, when Hench announced his galvanic find (in the pages of *Proceedings of the Staff Meetings of the Mayo Clinic*), medical journals throughout the world have rung with testimonials by other clinicians to its efficacy in other ailments. The number of diseases upon which it has been reported to have at least some analgesic impact now approaches the galaxial. They include acute iritis, Addison's disease, asthma, choroiditis, Cushing's syndrome, dermatomyositis, erythroblastosis fetalis, gout, hay fever, Hodgkin's disease, lupus erythematosus, lymphatic leukemia, myasthenia gravis, pemphigus, periarteritis nodosa, ivy poisoning, retinitis pigmentosa, rheumatic fever, scleroderma, spondylitis, Still's disease, tetanus, ulcerative colitis, uveitis, vernal conjunctivitis, and Waterhouse-Friderichsen syndrome. It has also been found to be helpful in the treatment of shock, burns, and fractures. It has even been seen, among victims of alopecia totalis—a baldness of possibly metabolic origin—to stimulate the regrowth of hair.

Dazzled by this evidence of vigor and versatility, many investigators have

come to consider cortisone almost a panacea. So, even more enthusiastically, have most physicians. There is, however, in both these groups a core of stubborn dissenters. Their opposition to the popular view is only distantly rooted in doubt. It is prompted chiefly by discretion. They do not question the potency of cortisone. What they question is its safety. Hormone therapy, they point out, is still largely an empirical science. Just how cortisone achieves its impressive results has yet to be adequately explained. They therefore feel that until its mechanisms are more clearly illuminated, and the nature of its long-range, or cumulative, effects determined, the general use of so formidable a substance is more than a little rash. Their prudence is understandable enough. There is, at the moment, no reason whatever to assume that the long-range effects of cortisone are benign. There is some reason to suppose them pernicious. Even its immediate effects, though usually of limited duration, are not always wholly admirable. They can be most unpleasant. In fact, the violence and variety of the toxic reactions that may be induced by cortisone render it—again, together with ACTH—unique among drugs. Some of its side effects are those of any occasionally toxic drug (nausea, headache, skin eruptions), and others, as might be expected, are the familiar grotesqueries of endocrine imbalance (gross obesity, moonface, hypertension, diabetes, softening of the bones, development of facial hair in women and children), but as many more are new—awesomely new. A common consequence of hormone therapy is lowered resistance to infection. The presence of cortisone in the body creates an environment that seems to be warmly hospitable to most known pathogenic microörganisms. Among the microbes whose proliferation it demonstrably encourages are streptococci, staphylococci, pneumococci, brucellae, typhoid bacilli, spirochetes, and the viruses of influenza, Coxackie disease, and poliomyelitis. (Its effect on the tuberculosis bacilli, in particular, appears to be practically tonic.) It has the power to revive a vanquished infection, it can excite a latent one to manifest itself, and, in the opinion of some investigators, it may even be capable of transforming into antagonists certain normally innocuous viruses. It can also unhinge the mind. Mental derangements unequivocally attributable to cortisone have been reported by hundreds of clinicians. In many cases, these disturbances simulate with absolute fidelity the syndromes classically characteristic of paranoia, schizophrenia, and manic-depressive psychosis. "It is difficult to be sanguine about drugs with such side effects as these," Lewis Thomas, head of the pathology department at the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center, noted in a recent study, "and it is not enough to say that some of the reactions are transitory or reversible, or that they do not occur very often. If these can be the immediate effects, we should await the much later effects of treatment, especially prolonged treatment, with meticulous attention, and, I submit, with some anxiety." To this, Henry J. L. Marriott, professor of medicine at the University of Maryland, has added, "We are dabbling in the unknown with dangerously potent tools."

The ugly side of cortisone does not, of course, completely contraindicate its use. It merely suggests its reservation for crises of intolerable pain or peril. Even the wariest clinicians concede that cortisone has a place, and a triumphant one, in modern chemotherapy. The relief it can bring to the racked and hobbled victims of rheumatoid arthritis would alone compel its inclusion. There are several

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other, though less prominent, diseases against which it is even more providentially effective. One of these, as a New York City schoolteacher I'll call Robert Laurence can readily testify, is periarteritis nodosa. Were it not for cortisone—and ACTH—Laurence would now be either bedfast and dying or dead, for until the advent of hormone therapy, periarteritis nodosa, a destructive inflammation of the arteries, was almost always briskly fatal. His escape was accomplished, however, at a truly hair-raising price.

LAURENCE teaches history and English at a day school for boys. He is married and has a son of eleven and lives in a frame-and-stucco house in the Forest Hills section of Queens. He is a robust man of medium height, with brown eyes and a sandy crew cut, and he had just turned thirty-eight when he became acquainted with cortisone. That was on the morning of January 23, 1954, in a hospital I'll call Whitestone Memorial. He had then been sick for more than a month and in the hospital for almost a week, but the nature of his trouble had finally been firmly established only the day before. Even at that, he was lucky. Periarteritis nodosa, though reasonably easy to diagnose if suspected, so closely resembles so many more common diseases that it not infrequently eludes recognition right up to the autopsy table. He was also fortunate in his immediate reaction to cortisone. The amount prescribed by his doctor—Prince, I'll call him—was a hundred and fifty milligrams a day, and the effects of this treatment were prompt, positive, and wholesome. Within a week, Laurence was up and about, restlessly prowling the ward, all symptoms and signs of inflammation vanished. His disease, if not uprooted, had at least been checked and was now safely under control. On Monday, February 1st, he was found fit to resume a normal life, and discharged.

Despite his exhilarating recovery, Laurence went home from the hospital no more than mildly elated. His mood reflected his valedictory interview with Dr. Prince. The physician opened the meeting with a word of congratulation, moved on to a round of reassurances, and closed it with instructions to call at his office for a progress review the following Monday evening. Meanwhile, he added, producing a prescription, he was increasing the daily dose of cortisone to an even two hundred milligrams. "That was a little disturbing," Laurence says. "It made me wonder. If

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I was coming along as well as he said, why did I need more cortisone? Why wasn't a hundred and fifty milligrams still enough? But I kept my doubts to myself. Some doctors will tell you the reason for every move they make. Dr. Prince is one of the others. He believes in a minimum of explanation and a maximum of results. And, of course, I said nothing to my wife. Nora isn't easily upset, but she and Bobby were so happy and excited to have me home again, I couldn't. I wouldn't have anyway. It wasn't that important. There was only one important thing. The only thing that really mattered was being out of the hospital and back home—and well. I knew I was well. Nobody had to tell me that. I hadn't felt so good in years. I don't mean just physically. It was more than that. I felt as bright as a button—capable of anything. It was really extraordinary. It was almost as though I'd never been fully awake before.

"We were between semesters the week I came out of the hospital. That gave me time to get caught up and ready for work again. The spring term opened on Monday, February 8th. I don't know when I've had a better opening day. I never felt better, and I never got my classes organized and functioning more efficiently. My mind was like some wonderful precision instrument. Everything I did was right, and absolutely effortless. I remember driving home from school that afternoon and marvelling. I felt as fresh as when I'd sat down to breakfast. It was just as well I did. I found my wife in bed. She'd been fighting the flu for a couple of days and had finally given in. I got a chair and sat by the bed, and we talked for a while—mostly about dinner and the household chores. Then Bobby came in from playing, and when he came upstairs, he brought the afternoon paper. I picked it up and started turning the pages, and all of a sudden an advertisement caught my eye. It was a picture of a dress at Best & Co. The price was thirty-five dollars, but it was a beauty. It was black jersey and very plain—just the sort of thing Nora looks wonderful in. I showed it to her and she thought so, too. It was lovely, she said. The rest is hard to explain. I mean now. At the time, it seemed perfectly natural. It was only what any intelligent man would do. We have a telephone extension in the bedroom, on my night table. I looked up the number and called the store and they had the dress in Nora's size. I told them to send it out."

Mrs. Laurence's attitude toward this

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act of impulse has also been altered by time. Its meaning now is painfully clear to her. It then seemed merely peculiar. "Bob has always been interested in clothes," she says. "He likes me to dress well and he has very good taste. So there was nothing strange about his interest in that ad. But we had hardly reached the point where he was selecting my clothes for me. And we weren't exactly in the habit of buying thirty-five-dollar dresses sight unseen. Why, I've known Bob to spend half an hour just picking out a shirt. He's terribly particular. On the other hand, it did look like a really darling dress. I didn't know what to think—except, of course, that if it wasn't right, I could always send it back. Besides, I guess, I wasn't really able to think. I had one of those headaches that leave you simply limp. The oddest part, though, wasn't *what* he did. It was how he did it—his manner. He was so terribly polite to the people at the store. And so talkative. I thought he'd never hang up. And when he did, it was almost worse. He jumped to his feet and came around to my side of the bed and started talking a mile a minute. It was something about people wasting all their time on trifles. I tried to listen and pay attention, but I just couldn't. I felt too sick and miserable. He went on and on. Finally, something he said seemed to remind him that he was the cook that night. He looked at his watch and said he'd better get started or he'd be late for his appointment with Dr. Prince.

"I remember hearing Bob go down the stairs. He called to Bobby and they went into the kitchen, and I lay there and listened to them talking and moving around. Then I must have dozed. The next thing I knew, Bob was standing by the bed with my dinner on a tray. Bob is quite a good cook and it was a lovely dinner—cold roast lamb, mashed potatoes, string beans, salad, hot biscuits, some kind of pudding, and coffee. But, good heavens! Food was about the last thing in the world I wanted. Particularly that kind. So I said so. It never occurred to me that Bob wouldn't understand. Well, he practically jumped down my throat. Nonsense, he said. I had to eat. Everybody had to eat. How did I expect to keep up my strength if I didn't eat? But I wasn't hungry, I said. It would make me sick. 'Don't be silly,' he said. 'Eat your dinner.' It was fantastic, but I was simply too baffled to argue. I managed to swallow a few bites. Then I had an idea. I asked him to get me something—I've forgotten what—and while he was

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out of the room, I scraped the rest of the food into part of the paper and bundled it up and hid it under the covers. It seems so ridiculous now, so childish—and also so sad. Because it worked. Bob took the tray away without a single question. He was perfectly satisfied. And so was I. In spite of everything, all I really felt was relief. My only problem was staying awake until Bob left for his appointment. As soon as he did, I slipped downstairs and dumped the evidence in the garbage can. Then I crawled back to bed.

"I didn't hear Bob come in. He was already in bed, with the lights out and the window open, before I even knew he was home. What woke me up was his fidgeting. He was so nervous and restless it was actually shaking the bed, and every bounce made my bones ache. It was agony. I asked him what in the world was the matter. Nothing, he said. He just couldn't get comfortable. But the moment I heard his voice, I knew better. He was frantic with worry. Sick as I was, it frightened me. I'd almost forgotten that he was the one who was really ill. I had to know the truth, and I insisted until he told me. It was the doctor. Dr. Prince had increased his cortisone—for the second time, I learned. The dose was now two hundred and fifty milligrams a day. This time, Bob had insisted on finding out why. Bob was doing fine, the doctor said, but it was important at this stage to make certain that the inflammation remained completely smothered. I think that's how he put it. Also, I believe, it had something to do with determining Bob's maximum tolerance to cortisone. I suppose I *was* a little surprised at the increase. However, I couldn't see that it was anything to get alarmed about. As a matter of fact, the reasons that Dr. Prince had given sounded very sensible to me. But they didn't to Bob. More cortisone simply meant that he wasn't getting well. The doctor was only trying to humor him. He was probably getting worse. And so on. I'd never seen him so frightened—not even at the very beginning of his illness. I remember wondering if that might explain the way he'd been acting earlier. It was possible. Anxiety can make people do very strange things. Anyway, I did the best I could to reassure him, and he calmed down a little. He kept tossing and turning, though, and finally I suggested that he spend the rest of the night in the guest room. I thought he might sleep better in a bed by himself. He didn't want to, but I was firm. I was sure it was the best thing under the circum-

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stances. In the end, he went, and I fell asleep. I don't know how long I slept. It seemed to me I had just dropped off when I heard my name. It was Bob. He was bending over me, and he was crying. I mean literally. There were tears rolling down his cheeks. He didn't like it in the guest room. It was too lonesome. He missed me and needed me. Wouldn't I please let him stay? It was pathetic. I couldn't bear to see him so upset. So I said all right. What else could I do?

"It was nearly eleven o'clock when I woke up the next morning. That isn't like me, even when I'm sick, so I must have been utterly exhausted. Bob and Bobby, of course, had both left long ago. I wasn't feeling quite so wretched, and after the night before, I wasn't sorry to be alone. It gave me a chance to rest in peace. The first one home was Bob. Bobby has a music lesson after school on Tuesday. Bob had hardly been out of my mind all day, and I didn't know what to expect. I dreaded another scene. Well, I've seldom been more startled. He bounced into the room like Fred Astaire. He had his biggest pipe in the corner of his mouth and the afternoon paper under his arm, and he couldn't have looked less worried. Last night might never have happened. It seemed to have vanished from his mind. I just lay there and stared. Everything he said was a joke. He was absolutely bursting with high spirits. When he leaned down for a kiss, he gave me a hug that almost broke my back. But he was as restless as ever. He perched on the bed. Then he moved over to a chair. A minute later, right in the middle of a sentence, he jumped up and started pacing. Then I must have closed my eyes for a moment. Suddenly, he let out a kind of hurrah. He was standing on the far side of the bed with the paper in his hand. It was folded open to one of the inside pages, and he held it up for me to see. 'Listen to this!' he said, and started reading. But he didn't have to tell me. I caught a glimpse of 'B. Altman' and 'Men's Suits' and 'Twenty Per Cent Off,' and that was enough. My heart sank. I watched him pick up the phone and dial the number. It was just like the day before. Except he was even more polite. It took him forever to get to the point. But when he finally did, he couldn't have been more businesslike. Single-breasted gray flannel. Size 40. Charge and send. There was a pause. Well, what *did* they have in his size that was nice? He frowned. He didn't think he'd ever seen a brown slash weave. He

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Orch. $7.50; Mezz. $6.25; Balc. $4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.30; Mezz. $3.60; Balc. $3.00, 2.50, 2.00. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 3.00, 2.50. List alternate dates.

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AGATHA CHRISTIE'S Mystery Thriller

WITNESS for the PROSECUTION

Production Directed by ROBERT LEWIS

with FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN • PATRICIA JESSEL
Gene Lyons

HENRY MILLER'S, W. 43 St. • Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

He's our best but he's not really very good

This is Milt Sandling, who claims he is Campbell-Ewald's best golfer.

He has that right, we suppose, because he shot low gross in our annual golf tournament this year.

We're not going to embarrass Milt by being specific about his actual number of strokes. (He, too, can keep his golf score a secret.)

But we will say this: It takes an easy course, a following wind, and a little luck here and there for Milt to come in under 85. In fact, we'll go further and say that as a golfer, Milt is a darn good promotion man.

Which is exactly what he is. And as long as he keeps on knocking off pars and birdies in the way of promotional ideas and programs, we don't care if he ever breaks a hundred in golf.

For we're really not concerned with any athletic prowess on the part of our people. Or with any exceptional social graces they might own, either.

Talent. Creative ability. Good judgment. Sound business sense. Devotion to our idea of producing advertising that stands out in the crowd, and to the grinding, stimulating, polytechnical job of doing just that. These are the things that count around here.

(That golf tournament we spoke about earlier was held on a *Saturday*.)

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Save the case plated with 24 carat gold. Refills, 75c $1.50 plus tax

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Dana

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nodded. But didn't the red and green make it rather loud? No? Then send it out. And while they were at it, if they saw anything else that might appeal to him—another suit, or maybe a topcoat—send that along, too. I just lay there and stared. I was speechless. It wasn't that I begrudged him a new suit, or even a topcoat. But, good heavens—what in the world had come over him!

"But Bob was completely oblivious. He hung up with a flourish and came striding around the bed. He lighted his pipe and rubbed his hands and cleared his throat. He asked me if I realized the significance of what he had just done. It wasn't a question, though. He went right on. An important principle was involved, he said, and it illuminated a whole philosophy. Our life lacked order, and we needed a new sense of proportion. We had become incapable of distinguishing between the important and the trivial. Our one most vital possession was time, and we squandered it like drunken sailors. When it was necessary to buy something—a dress, a suit, a piece of furniture—we thought nothing of running into Manhattan and spending an entire afternoon traipsing from store to store. It was shocking to think of the hours we wasted every year so foolishly, and so needlessly. But no more. From now on, we would do things differently. He waved a hand in the direction of the telephone. There was the answer. We were privileged to live in a day of instant communication. It was high time we took advantage of it. He felt that the experiment he had conducted this afternoon sufficiently proved his point. It was possible for an intelligent man to select—comfortably, easily, and at a substantial saving—a fine suit of clothes in a mere matter of minutes. Perhaps I questioned his use of the word 'select'? That was an interesting point. His choice had, of course, been guided by the clerk. But it was equally true that a store of Altman's age and reputation would hardly employ an incompetent man. The man quite obviously knew his job. He had taste and integrity. We were too often inclined to be cynical. Most people were basically fine and decent and trustworthy. We must have confidence in our fellow-man. We must learn faith. We must realize that whatever happens is usually for the best. Then he went back to the beginning. It was shameful for intelligent people to waste themselves on trifles. There were more important things in life than clothes.

"Bob must have talked for a solid

LOVE STORY (advt.)

A fellow we know loaned his portable typewriter to a girl friend for a few days. It was an Olivetti "Lettera 22", but he was quite fond of her, too.

She returned it with many thanks and a few kisses, and after a short silence he said, "Well - how did you like it? Have you ever typed on a machine so light and smooth?"

"I guess not," she said.

"Well - how about all the features - just like an office model. Isn't it amazing?" he asked.

"I guess it is," she said.

So he decided she wasn't highly perceptive, and he married his childhood sweetheart.

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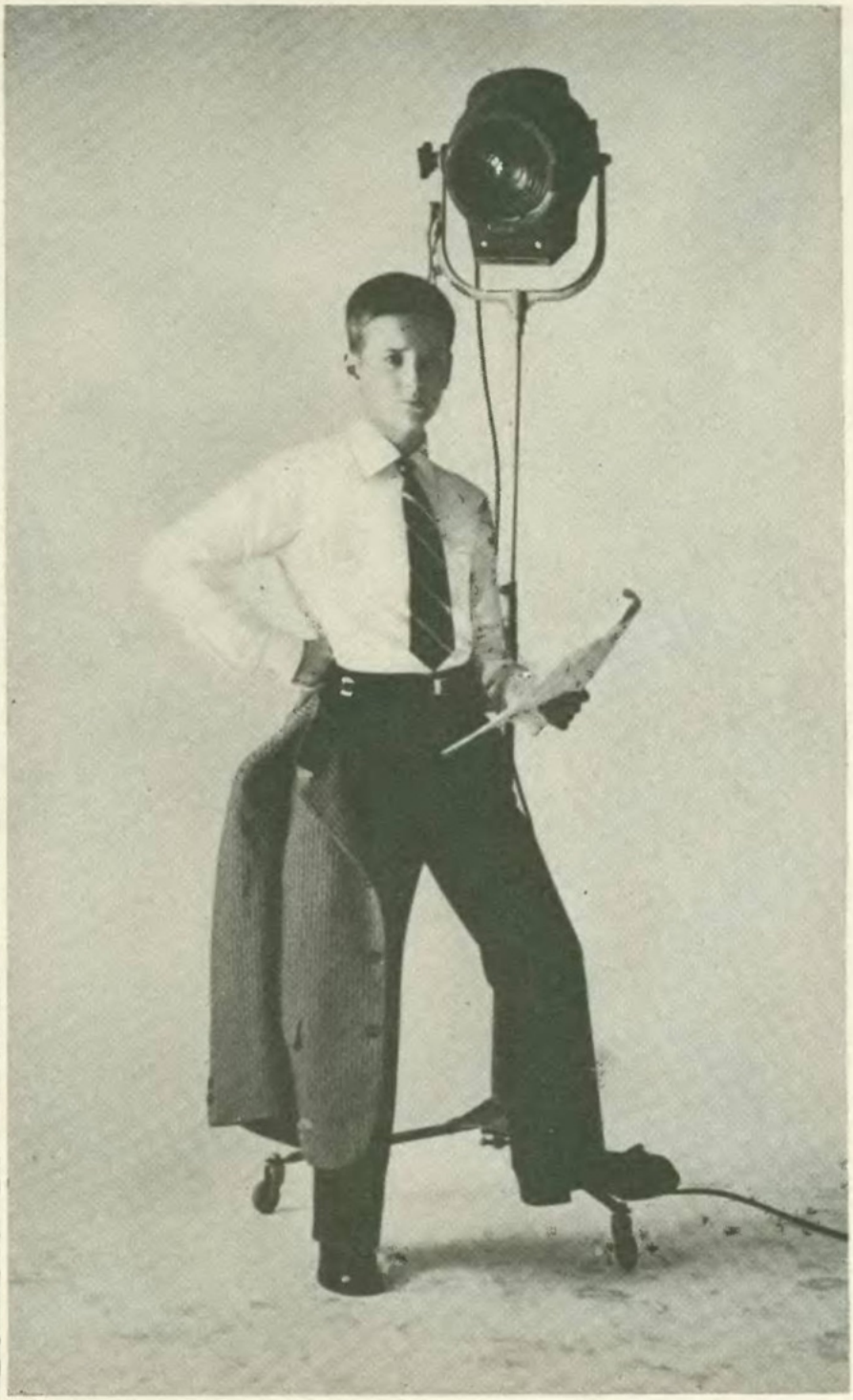
hour. He probably wouldn't have stopped even then if Bobby hadn't come in and asked about dinner. It's hard to remember now just what I thought at that stage. Everything changed so completely after that. Dinner was only an interlude. It was another huge meal and I still felt much too wretched to eat, but it wasn't as bad as the night before. At least there was no one standing over me. Bobby brought up my tray. I didn't see Bob again until after dinner—until after he'd done the dishes, in fact. He walked in and sat down and kicked off his shoes, and I remember thinking that he seemed almost relaxed. Bobby was watching television, he said. As for himself, he was going to take a bath. I reminded him that he had just washed the dishes and there wouldn't be much hot water left. He'd better wait a little while and give the boiler a chance to recover. He smiled, and said that wasn't the point. He wanted to take a bath. He wanted to take it now. Was it my impression that he was the kind of man who could be dictated to by a machine? If there was no hot water, he would bathe in cold. I said I hardly thought that the middle of February was the best time for a cold bath. He gave me a surprised look. No? Why not? Water was water. Temperature was a mere detail. It meant nothing. It did in his condition, I said. A cold bath might do him a great deal of harm. If he must bathe now, I said, I'd get up and go downstairs and heat some water on the stove. I never dreamed he'd let me. But he simply shrugged and said all right, go ahead. For a moment, I just felt numb. And then I knew. I couldn't avoid it any longer. I'd been able to rationalize the dress and the suit and the tears and the wild, crazy talk. But this was different. This wasn't Bob. There was no resemblance whatever. This was a man I'd never seen before. Something had happened to Bob—something terrible. I let him help me out of bed and stand me on my feet, and then I went tottering down the stairs. He didn't even offer to come with me."

LAURENCE has no clear recollection of that tyrannical bath. He only remembers having a sense of power and glory. Exaltation had become his natural state. Every impulse seemed to quicken it. On Wednesday, driving home from school, he passed a plumbing-and-heating establishment. The cogs of memory and acquisitiveness meshed. He pulled up and went in, and ordered a new capacious, rapid-recovery hot-water heater



THE BOY WHO TAKES THE CURTAIN CALLS

. . . is accustomed to kleig lights and applause after a solid year on Broadway! Currently seen in a Bruxton Prep dress shirt, he's sure of his lines, uncommonly nonchalant when the action begins. Frankly, there's no better bolster for a young ego than a fine Bruxton Prep Sanforized broadcloth shirt. Come what may, he knows his collar and cuffs stay firmly correct because Bruxton's tailoring and good-measure fit assure an excellent performance everytime. There's a big choice of collar models including regular, spread, round, eyelet, etc. for Juniors and Preps in white or colors with French or barrel cuffs. Bruxton Prep dress shirts, as well as sports shirts, are priced from $1.95.

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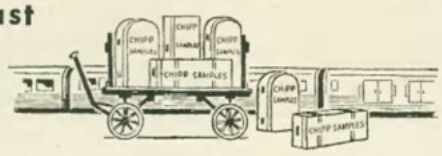
Chipp Travellers on the Road

from coast to coast

Periodically, during the year, Chipp representatives visit many cities to exhibit distinctive Custom Tailored and Special Cut Clothing for Men and Custom Made Clothing for Women. Also, at this time, Chipp carries a complete sample range of exclusive accessories for men. Listed below are the names of the cities, hotels and dates of our Fall showing up to and including our Christmas trip. Schedule for 1956 will be sent upon request.



Atlanta • Dinkler Plaza Hotel
Sept. 29-30, Nov. 3-4, Dec. 15-16

Baltimore • Southern Hotel
Sept. 12, Oct. 17, Nov. 28

Boston • Parker House
Sept. 7-8-9, Oct. 11-12-13, Nov. 21-22-23, Dec. 13-14-15

Buffalo • Statler Hotel
Sept. 26, Nov. 7, Dec. 16

Charleston, W. Va. • Daniel Boone Hotel
Sept. 20, Oct. 25, Dec. 6

Charlotte, N.C. • Hotel Charlotte
Sept. 26, Oct. 31, Dec. 5

Chicago • LaSalle Hotel
Sept. 12-13-14, Oct. 24-25-26, Nov. 28-29-30

Cincinnati • Netherland Plaza Hotel
Sept. 8-9, Oct. 19-20, Dec. 5-6

Cleveland • Statler Hotel
Sept. 22-23-24, Nov. 3-4-5, Dec. 12-13

Columbia, S.C. • Jefferson Hotel
Sept. 22, Oct. 27, Dec. 1

Dallas • Adolphus Hotel
Sept. 12-13, Oct. 19-20, Dec. 2-3

Denver • Albany Hotel
Sept. 13-16, Oct. 27-28, Dec. 5-6-7

Detroit • Sheraton Cadillac Hotel
Sept. 19-20, Oct. 31, Nov. 1, Dec. 9-10

Evansville • McCurdy Hotel
Sept. 13, Oct. 27

Greensboro • O'Henry Hotel
Sept. 28, Nov. 2, Dec. 7

Houston • Rice Hotel
Sept. 6-7-8, Oct. 24-25, Nov. 28-29

Indianapolis • Lincoln Hotel
Sept. 10, Oct. 28-29, Dec. 7-8

Kansas City, Mo. • Muehlebach Hotel
Oct. 3-4, Nov. 14-15

Los Angeles • Biltmore Hotel
Sept. 22-23-24, Nov. 3-4-5

Louisville • Brown Hotel
Sept. 21-22, Oct. 26-27, Dec. 7-8

Lynchburg, Va. • Hotel Virginian
Sept. 21, Oct. 26, Nov. 30

Memphis • Peabody Hotel
Sept. 23-24, Oct. 28-29, Dec. 9-10

Midland • Scharbaur Hotel
Sept. 26, Nov. 7

Minneapolis • Radisson Hotel
Oct. 7-8, Nov. 18-19, Dec. 15-16

New Orleans • Roosevelt Hotel
Sept. 26-27, Oct. 31, Nov. 1, Dec. 12-13

Oklahoma City • Biltmore Hotel
Sept. 28-29, Nov. 9-10, Dec. 9-10

Omaha • Fontonelle Hotel
Oct. 5-6, Nov. 16-17

Philadelphia • Bellevue-Stratford Hotel
Sept. 15-16, Oct. 20-21, Dec. 1-2

Pittsburgh • William Penn Hotel
Sept. 6-7, Oct. 17-18, Dec. 14-15

Princeton • Princeton Inn
Oct. 5-6, Nov. 9-10

Rochester • Sheraton Hotel
Sept. 27, Nov. 8

St. Louis • Chase Hotel
Sept. 16-17, Oct. 21-22, Dec. 1-2-3

San Antonio • Gunter Hotel
Sept. 9-10, Oct. 21-22, Nov. 30, Dec. 1

San Francisco • St. Francis Hotel
Sept. 19-20-21, Oct. 31, Nov. 1-2

Savannah • DeSoto Hotel
Sept. 23-24, Oct. 28-29, Dec. 2-3

Toledo • Commodore Perry Hotel
Sept. 21, Nov. 2

Tulsa • Mayo Hotel
Sept. 30, Oct. 1, Nov. 11-12, Dec. 12-13

University of Virginia • Jameson College Book Store
Sept. 19-20, Oct. 24-25, Nov. 28-29

Washington, D.C. • Willard Hotel
Sept. 13-14, Oct. 18-19, Nov. 29-30

Wilmington • Hotel DuPont
Sept. 9, Oct. 14, Nov. 25

Winston-Salem • Robert E. Lee Hotel
Sept. 27, Nov. 1, Dec. 6

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It's **REEVROY** . . . the luxurious, high-lustre corduroy by Reeves. This soft, supple, good-looking fabric takes big and little sis smartly to school . . . it's easy to wear and easy to care for. The sheen lasts, the washable colors stay rich and new-looking. Here in a new version of the favorite classic jumper, fashioned by *Love*

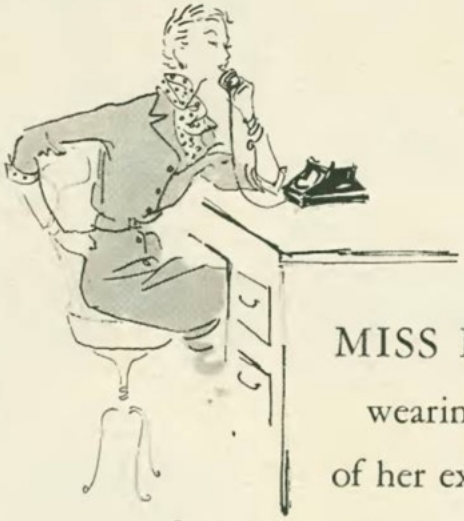
Reevroy jumper in avocado green with matching green and white striped cotton blouse, or charcoal grey with red and white, copen blue with blue and white. 3-6x, about $6. 7-12, about $8. At Lord and Taylor, New York, and branches, or write to Joseph Love Inc., 1333 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Fabric by **REEVES BROTHERS Inc., New York 18, N. Y.**

and boiler. "I knew I'd done an extraordinary thing," he says. "And yet it seemed so right. So sensible and necessary. So exhilarating. All my instincts confirmed it. I came out of the shop in a glow. I was tingling. But that night, in bed, an awful feeling came over me. Had I been right? It may have started with the way Nora looked when I told her what I'd done, but it went deeper than that. It was basic. Everything seemed suddenly hopeless and empty and wrong. It only lasted a minute, though. I shook it off the way you sometimes can a nightmare. Of course, I'd been right—everything I did was right. I'd never felt so sure of it before. I was more than right. I was supreme.

"I lay awake a long time after that. I was too excited to sleep. When I finally did drop off, I hardly slept at all, and I was wide awake before it was even light. But I felt completely rested. I was bursting with strength and energy. It was as though I'd reached a new level of existence. Sleep didn't seem to matter any more. A few minutes was as good as an hour. My only real necessity was food. I'd had a tremendous appetite all week, but Thursday morning it was almost frightening. There just wasn't any limit to my capacity. I had a tumbler of orange juice, a bowl of oatmeal, a big plate of scrambled eggs, five or six pieces of toast and jelly, and I don't know how many cups of coffee. It wasn't nearly enough. My stomach was like some bottomless pit. I put away two more big bowls of oatmeal before I really felt comfortable. Then I was ready for anything. By the time I got to school, I was keyed to concert pitch. I seemed to be on the verge of something enormous. Something wonderful was going to happen. The feeling kept building up all morning, until there wasn't any doubt about it. I was sure. My first class after lunch that day was a class in English composition. We were just settling down to work when one of the boys slid out of his seat and started toward the door. That wasn't in the least irregular in our school. The pupils don't have to ask to go to the washroom. But a kind of thrill ran through me. I let him reach the door, and then, very quietly, I spoke his name. 'May I inquire where you are going?' I said. The boy was stunned. It was all he could do to answer. 'I see,' I said. 'Well, I suggest that you return to your seat. If you wish to leave the room, you will do me the courtesy of asking my permission.' He still looked stunned, but he managed to get back to his seat and mumble something accept-

Who's the V.P.–V.I.P.*?



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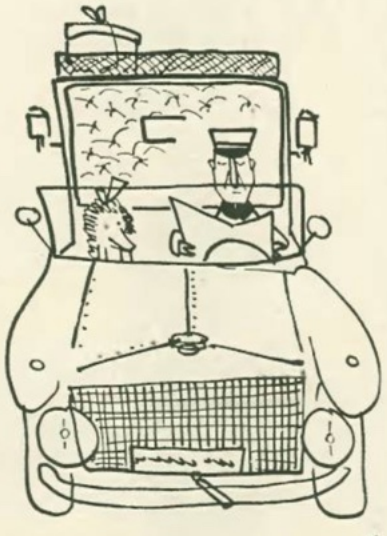
able. I excused him with a friendly nod. When the door closed, I turned back to the rest of the class, and it was like a revelation. In an instant, my whole conception of the student-teacher relationship was altered. The teacher was more than a purveyor of academic instruction. He must also set an example in character and command. The evidence was written on every face in the room. It was as plain as print. I had won their respect and admiration. Boys wanted discipline. It was a fundamental need in adolescence. They weren't prepared for freedom of action and self-expression. It only confused them. They longed to conform. They wanted rules and regulations and, above all, firm direction. But the discipline that fully answered their need was not, I realized, the discipline of common coinage. They wanted a humanistic discipline—strict, but administered with understanding and affection. It seemed incredible that I had never seen the truth before. We no longer were forced to choose between the old schoolmaster system of teaching and the new progressive method. I had found a middle way.

"There was a faculty meeting after school that afternoon. It was like an act of fate. I was bursting to share my discovery with my colleagues. Just before we adjourned, I asked permission to say a few words. I began with a brief account of the washroom incident. Then, as simply as possible, I described the principle of humanistic discipline. I felt, I went on to say, that it should be adopted by the school. It was imperative that we make every effort to respond to the emotional needs of our students. Anything less was irresponsibility. I talked for about ten minutes. When I finished, the director rose and thanked me, but there was no discussion. The other teachers just sat there looking thoughtful. They looked almost bewitched. But as the meeting broke up, one of my best friends took me aside. He suggested I take it easy. There was a good deal of truth in what I said, he told me, but I was a trifle unrealistic. Changes must be accomplished slowly. I heard him out, and smiled. It was a pitying smile. 'I'm sorry to hear you talk like that,' I said. 'You really shock me a little. I had no idea that you were such a cynic.' I gazed at him for a moment, and it was pathetic. He looked so insignificant. He seemed to have shrivelled up to nothing. Then I turned and walked away. I felt ten feet tall."

Laurence was not alone in this alpine impression of himself. It soon was shared

by both his wife and his son. "Thursday was my first day out of bed, so I was still working when Bob got home," Mrs. Laurence says. "I was cleaning the living room. Everything had gone to pieces while I was sick. I heard the car in the drive and his steps on the porch, and then the door opened. It flew open. I remember looking up, and— I don't know how to explain it. It was the queerest feeling I ever had. He looked enormous. He really did look ten feet tall. Bobby said the same thing later on. He seemed to fill the room. It was his manner, I think, and the way he held himself. And his voice. That was part of it. The instant he saw me, he started talking, and I've never heard such colossal self-assurance. Such conviction. It was something about something at the school. A new era was about to dawn. He had discovered a new technique that would revolutionize the present methods of teaching. It would revolutionize the whole of American education. He stood on the threshold of a new career. His life was no longer aimless. He had a mission. I did my best to listen and pay attention. It made a kind of sense at times. Only he talked so fast. He was almost incoherent. The words simply poured out. After about ten minutes of just standing there, I picked up my things and very quietly went on with my work. He didn't seem to notice. He was too excited. All I had to do was nod when he looked at me. He stormed up and down the room, and his ideas got wilder and wilder. The new technique didn't only apply to teaching. It also applied to domestic life. Our home was to be run on the same basis. The keynote was discipline. He loved me, he said. He bounded over and threw his arms around me. And he loved



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Bobby. He loved us both with all his heart. But he was our leader. He was in command. From now on, our home would be run on a basis of strict paternal control. There would be no more preoccupation with trifles. The day of laxity and foolishness had passed. Discipline was the new order. He followed me into the dining room. Did I understand? He pounded on the table. There had to be discipline. It was the only way to happiness. Then, all of a sudden, he stopped. It was as if he had just run down. He walked into the living room and picked up his coat and hat. He was going out, he said. The house was too small for him. He needed air, and room to turn around in.

"Well, I was limp. I sat down and tried to think. By then, of course, I did have a kind of inkling. I wasn't quite as mystified as I had been a day or two before. I was pretty sure I remembered reading or hearing somewhere that sometimes cortisone had strange effects on people. If so, it must be that. There wasn't any other explanation. I couldn't believe that Bob had actually lost his mind. But that wasn't really much help. It didn't tell me what to do. My brain went around and around and around. I finally told myself that this was pointless. Dr. Prince knew what he was doing. He was a specialist—one of the best. The sensible thing to do was keep busy and try not to worry. Everything would be all right. I got up and finished cleaning the dining room, and then went out to the kitchen. It was still too early to start dinner. So I decided to do some ironing. I'd done a long-overdue washing that morning, and I knew that Bob was down to practically his last shirt. I set up the ironing board and connected the iron and went down in the basement and picked out a couple of his favorites. As I started back up, I heard somebody in the kitchen. I thought it was Bobby, but it wasn't. It was Bob. He was standing in the middle of the room with the iron in his hand, and he was livid. He turned on me like a tiger. Just what did I think I was doing? Hadn't he made it clear that there would be no more preoccupation with trifles in this family? Did I think he would permit his wife to drudge her life away at an ironing board? I was not a menial. I was his wife, and he expected me to conduct myself as such. He slammed down the iron. I was to get all this paraphernalia out of his sight at once. Immediately. Did I hear?

"I told him I heard. But he had to

Marcel Franck

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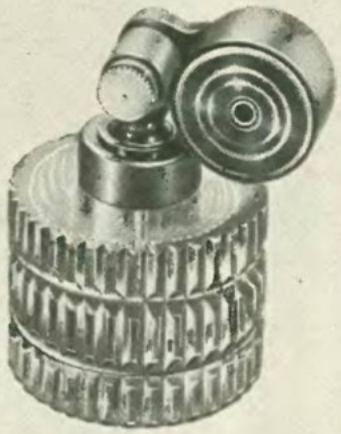

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have clean shirts, I said. He couldn't go around in a soiled shirt. The look he gave me was absolutely withering. He had no intention of wearing a soiled shirt, he said. There were such things as laundries. He supposed I had heard of them. I said all right. I agreed with him. But I tried to be reasonable. I suggested that at least I go ahead and iron the shirts that I had already washed. After all, I said, he had to have something to wear while the rest were at the laundry. That was as far as I got. He blew up. He began to yell that he wouldn't live like this. He refused to complicate his life with all these petty problems. He didn't give a hoot about laundries or anything else. He couldn't be bothered. From now on, he'd buy a new shirt every morning and throw it away at night. Life was going to be simple in this house or, by George, he would know the reason why. That was the law. I didn't wait for any more. His face was beet-red and he was shaking like a leaf. I disconnected the iron and folded up the ironing board and put them back in the closet. I wasn't humoring him. It wasn't like Tuesday night. He meant exactly what he said. It was an order."

FRIDAY was Lincoln's Birthday, and a school holiday. Nevertheless, Laurence again rose early, and, after another hearty breakfast, drove over to the school. He thought he felt like catching up on his work. That impulse, however, quickly petered out. He was too restless to concentrate on anything for long. At the end of an hour, he gave up, and decided to get a haircut. The shop he chose was a two-chair place near his home, and it was jammed. "There must have been eight people ahead of me," he says. "But I wasn't in the least annoyed. Quite the contrary. I was delighted. Company was just what I wanted. I'd hardly said a word all morning. And it turned out to be delightful. I don't know when I've spent two more completely enjoyable hours. One of the customers was a man who lived a few doors from us. He knew I'd been sick, and he was nice enough to ask me how I was feeling. I sat down and told him all about it, and he seemed very much interested. He never took his eyes off me. So I went on to tell him some of my views on current events. My interpretation of the news also seemed to interest him. It seemed to interest everybody in the shop. Even the barbers were listening. That was very exciting and stimulating—up to a point, anyway. But

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then I began to wonder. A sort of suspicion edged into my mind that I might be making myself a little conspicuous. So I put on the brakes. I tried to keep my voice down and take it easy. When my neighbor was called to the chair, I even looked at a magazine for a while. Then I got up and just wandered around. By the time the barber was ready for me, I'd made friends with everybody. They couldn't have been more pleasant. They seemed to hang on every word I said. I'd never realized before how easy it was to mold people to my will. It was as though they were just waiting to be told what to think and do. I had a sense of rapport with everybody in the world.

"Except Nora. Just before I left the shop, I took the trouble to call her up. I wanted her to know where I was and that I would be home soon and not to worry. We only talked for a minute, but I hung up in a foul humor. It wasn't anything she said. She was exactly as she always is—sweet and natural and matter-of-fact. It was more her attitude. She wasn't like the others. We weren't in tune. She didn't respond. The whole point of my call escaped her. She didn't seem to realize what a thoughtful thing I'd done—how kind and considerate I was to put her mind at ease. She simply accepted it. It was infuriating. It practically ruined the morning. But that wasn't enough. I had hardly walked into the house when she did it again. Another letdown. On the way back to the car, I passed a little haberdashery shop, and a necktie in the window caught my eye. I went in and bought it, and it was really beautiful. It was made of some rich material like brocade. Well, I showed it to Nora and she agreed with me. She was enthusiastic. But it was flawed, she said, and pointed out a streak across the front where several threads had slipped. She thought I ought to exchange it. I tried to control myself, but it was too much. It was like a slap in the face. Apparently, everything I said went in one ear and out the other. After all our talks, she was still wrapped up in trifles. It seemed incredible that anyone could be so obtuse. I can't remember what I said. Maybe I don't want to. The next thing I remember is running up the stairs. I almost felt like laughing. It was so ironic. There was only one woman in the world I could love, and I'd outgrown her. I ran into the bedroom and slammed the door behind me. It didn't matter. None of it mattered. I threw myself on the bed and started kicking my feet and pounding the pillow. I be-

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gan to yell how wonderful I felt. I yelled how happy I was. Then, all of a sudden, I wasn't yelling any more. I couldn't. I was crying."

It was a little past noon when Laurence bolted up to the bedroom. He remained there—mostly, after the first outburst, in an obviously misanthropic silence—for the better part of an hour. At one, Mrs. Laurence heard him open the door and come slowly back downstairs. "I was in the kitchen with Bobby," she says. "I remember we looked at each other and exchanged what was supposed to be a reassuring smile. Bobby had missed most of that awful scene in the living room—he was playing next door, thank heaven. But he'd heard enough. He'd come in just in time to hear Bob shouting and yelling, and nothing could have been more unnerving than that. I'd tried to make him understand, of course, and I think I did, but even so— He looked so tense I almost wanted to cry. I could have cried for Bob, too. He seemed so oblivious. He strolled in without a word and drew himself a glass of water and swallowed his one-o'clock cortisone. Right on the dot. It was as if nothing whatever had happened. Then he came over and asked if we weren't going to have any lunch. I could hardly believe my ears. To think that after what had just happened he still felt like eating. But I fixed something, and we all sat down. It was incredible how he ate. His appetite was bigger than ever. The only time he even paused was to snap at Bobby and me for just picking at our food. When he had finally had enough, he jumped up and marched out. He was going for a walk. That must have been around two. A little before three, he came charging back—bursting. We were going to trade in our Plymouth on a brand-new Studebaker. I was paralyzed. I couldn't say yes to something we didn't need and couldn't afford, and I was afraid to say no. The clock saved me. I reminded him that he was due at the store in less than half an hour. Bob has a part-time job. A friend of ours owns a bookstore over on Queens Boulevard, and Bob helps him out on Friday afternoon and evening and all day Saturday. He enjoys it, and it gives us a chance to buy books at a very attractive discount. We could discuss a new car later, I said. As it happened, we never did.

"I spent the rest of the afternoon catching up on my work. After dinner, Bobby helped me with the dishes, and then we played a game of Scrabble. We were looking at television when Bob

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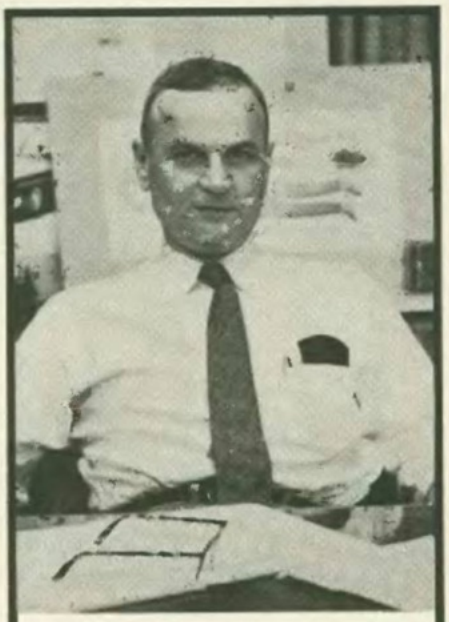
got home. For a minute, it was just like any Friday night. He called hello the way he always does and hung up his coat and hat and started toward the sofa. I thought he was going to sit down beside me. I think he meant to. But he didn't. He suddenly stopped dead in his tracks. He was staring at the television set as though he had never seen it before in his life. So this was how his family spent their time, he said. His voice was like ice. We had a house full of books. We had a phonograph and a library of the world's greatest music. But, apparently, we were just like all the rest of the country. We preferred 'My Friend Irma.' Was that our intellectual level? He gave a howl that almost froze my blood. No wonder we couldn't keep pace with him. No wonder we couldn't give him the sympathy and understanding he needed. No wonder he was all alone. He let out another yell, and dived across the room and shut the program off. Then he backed away a step and doubled up his fist. Maybe this would bring us to our senses. He'd show us what he thought of television. He was going to take his fist and smash that screen to pieces. He would have, too. It wasn't just a threat. But Bobby moved first. He slid out of his chair and ran over to the desk and pulled open the drawer where we keep the telephone book. Bob heard him, and whirled around. And what was he up to? Bobby was white as death, but he told him. He said he was looking up Dr. Prince's number. He thought he ought to be here. Indeed, Bob said. He pointed his finger at the sofa. Bobby had exactly one second to get over there and sit down and be quiet. He wasn't to move a muscle. Neither was I. We were to sit there and nothing else, no matter what. No matter what he did. He might put his fist through that screen. He might decide to kick the whole set apart. He might even take a knife and cut off one of his fingers and throw it in the wastebasket. But we were just to sit there. Was that clear?

"I don't know what came over me. It wasn't courage. I was still completely terrified, but something had broken the spell. It must have been seeing Bobby try to call the doctor. Whatever it was, it gave me the strength to get to my feet and tell Bob what I thought. I told him this had gone on long enough. We knew he was sick, but that was no excuse. I wouldn't stand for it. Besides, it was almost eleven o'clock. Bobby should have been in bed an hour ago, and I refused to keep him up another minute. Bob didn't say a word. He just looked



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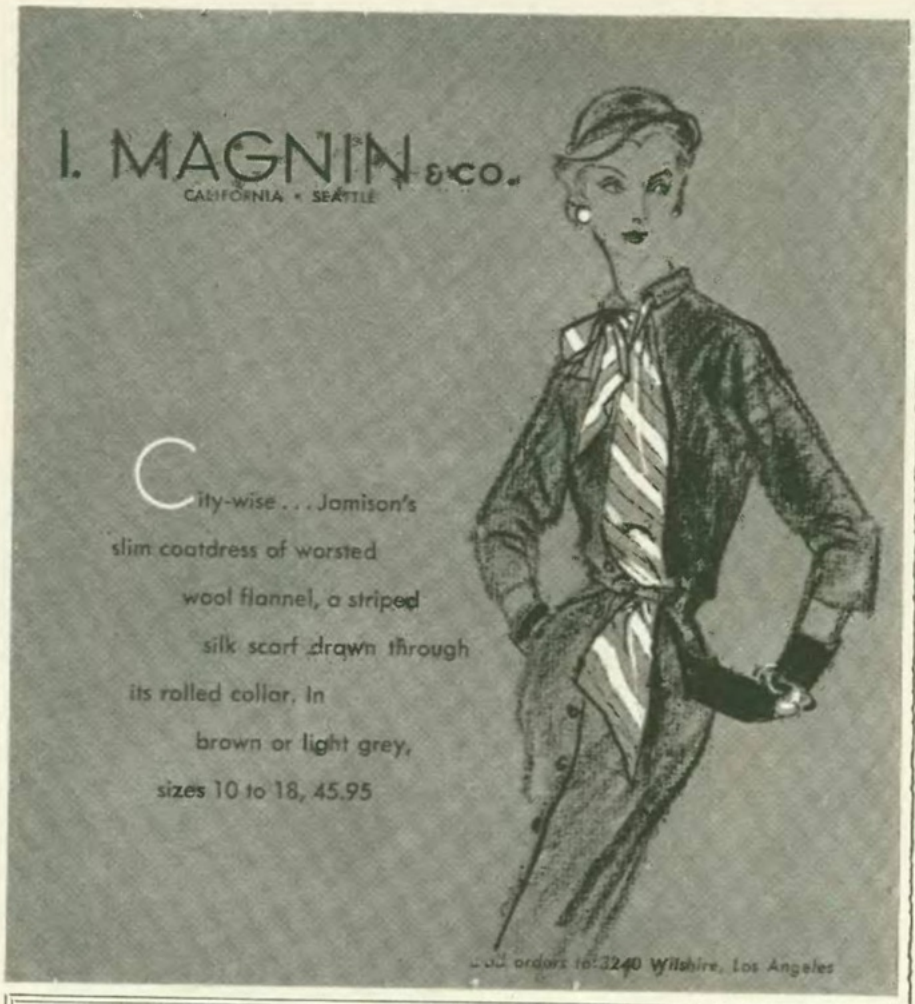
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startled. I moved fast. It was either that or collapse. I spoke to Bobby and caught his hand, and we were out of the room and up the stairs before Bob could even blink. He must have been absolutely stunned. While Bobby was getting undressed, I stood at the door and listened. There wasn't a sound. He was still downstairs, and that gave me an idea. We couldn't go on like this. I had to talk to the doctor, and now was my chance. I got Bobby settled and calm enough to close his eyes and relax, and then I slipped down the hall to our bedroom. But I'd waited too long, or maybe Bob heard me. Our bedroom is right above the living room. I had only dialled the number when I heard him racing up the stairs. The next thing I heard was Dr. Prince's voice. By some miracle, he answered the phone himself. I managed to say hello and give him my name. Then Bob was there and reached over my shoulder, and broke the connection. His face was like stone. I wanted to run. All my brand-new bravery was gone. He replaced the receiver and leaned against the wall and looked at me. I supposed he was trying to decide what to do. For one horrible moment, it crossed my mind that it might not be me he was thinking about at all. It might be Bobby. And then the phone rang. I looked at Bob. He sort of shrugged. I waited, but that was all. So I picked up the receiver and said hello. It was Dr. Prince. We seemed to have been cut off, he said. He added that I had sounded a bit disturbed. Was something wrong? I said yes. I didn't dare say any more than that. He hoped Bob wasn't sick? I said no, not exactly—and prayed that he would understand. He did—in a way. So that was it, he said. Not acting like himself, eh? I said yes. Talking too much? Easily excited? Moody? I said yes. Well, cortisone could do that, he said. Especially in the amount that Bob had been getting. It was nothing to worry about, of course, but still— Suppose I brought him in tomorrow for a check. He could miss a day at the store. It would probably do him good. I said I'd try to. Meanwhile, Dr. Prince said, if I had such a thing as a sedative, that would calm him down very nicely. I said I thought we had some Luminal. Fine, he said. Just the thing—and hung up. I could have screamed.

"I won't go into the next four hours. They were a living nightmare. Bob stormed all over the place. He raged and ranted. He cried. At one point, he even took a bath. He apologized a thousand times. I was terrified. I was furi-

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ous. I would have run out of the house and left him, if it hadn't been for Bobby. We ended up at four o'clock in the bedroom. That's when he finally agreed to take the Luminal. There was only one capsule in the bottle, and he had been trying his best for half an hour to knock it out of my hand. He didn't want to go to sleep, he said. He was never going to sleep again. Sleep was a waste of time. Then he got the idea I was trying to poison him. He didn't trust me, he said, and if I didn't leave him alone, he would tear off his clothes and run out in the street naked. That was one threat. I've forgotten the others. But at last he gave in. I brought him a glass of water, and he took the capsule and put it in his mouth. He kept it there just long enough for me to relax. Then he reared back, and spat it clear across the room. I remember scrambling after it. I was practically hysterical, but I knew it was the only hope I had. I had to find it. And I did. I found it, damp and dirty, under the bureau, and brought it back. I was so wild I must have frightened him. He swallowed it—dirt and all.

"Bob's appointment with Dr. Prince was for two o'clock Saturday afternoon. It was obvious that he wasn't eager to go, but he went. I think he remembered enough about the night before to realize that he had behaved very badly. During the drive downtown, he hardly said a word. He seemed completely subdued. But I knew that mood too well. I wasn't deceived, and I prayed that Dr. Prince wouldn't be. It didn't seem to me he was, but it was hard to tell. He asked Bob some questions about his general condition and he made some tests, and that was about all. There were only two encouraging things. One was just after we sat down. He asked Bob how he was feeling. Bob closed his eyes and smiled. 'I'm as contented as a contented cow,' he said. That was fine, Dr. Prince said, but he glanced at me and sort of frowned. The other thing was really two. He gave Bob half a grain of phenobarbital and an envelope of phenobarbital capsules. He was to take one every three or four hours until further notice. And he reduced his cortisone from two hundred and fifty to a hundred and fifty milligrams. Bob left the office still pretty much subdued. We got in the car and started home, and he began to tell me how sorry he was about last night. He was ashamed of himself. He didn't know what had come over him. It wouldn't happen again. I sat and listened. I was almost tempted to believe him.

"We were almost home when he sud-

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denly let out a yell. He jammed on the brakes and started pounding the wheel. I was the one who ought to be ashamed, he said. I never thought of anybody but myself. Maybe I thought he hadn't noticed, but he had. He'd seen me yawn just then. He understood everything now. I didn't care what happened to him. I was too self-centered. The car behind us started blowing its horn. People were turning around and craning their necks and grinning. It was so awful I wanted to die. I begged him to be sensible. I told him it wasn't true. I said I hadn't yawned or, if I had, it didn't mean what he thought. I wasn't any of those things. I did sympathize. I did care. He must know that. And after an eternity, he began to calm down a little. He stopped shouting and put his hands back on the wheel, and we drove on. But only a couple of blocks. When we came to the neighborhood shopping center where I do most of my marketing, he swung over to the curb and parked. I asked him what this meant. He said it was Saturday. Didn't I have some weekend marketing to do? It was true. There were several things I needed, but he had such a strange look on his face that I didn't know whether I dared leave him. He might do anything. He might even go home without me—and Bobby was there alone. But I had no choice. He opened my door and practically pushed me out. So I went. I've never gone through an A. & P. so fast. In spite of Saturday afternoon, I was back in less than fifteen minutes. And Bob was still there. He was standing beside the car, watching me. I began to breathe again. He took the groceries and stowed them away and I started to get in. There was a package on my side of the seat. It was wrapped in gray-and-white striped paper and tied with red ribbon. Bob was beaming like a boy. He told me to open it up. I did, and inside were a couple of handkerchiefs from a specialty shop across the street, and a card. It read, 'To my Valentine.' I looked at Bob. For an instant, there was something about him that puzzled me. Then I realized what. He looked life-size. He looked like Bob again."

BUT he wasn't—not quite. Mrs. Laurence was, understandably, mistaken. She was not, however, mistaken about Dr. Prince. He hadn't been deceived by Laurence's professed serenity. He had recognized that his patient was suffering from a cortisone-induced manic-depressive psychosis, and he acted with reasonable dispatch. The following afternoon, Laurence was readmit-

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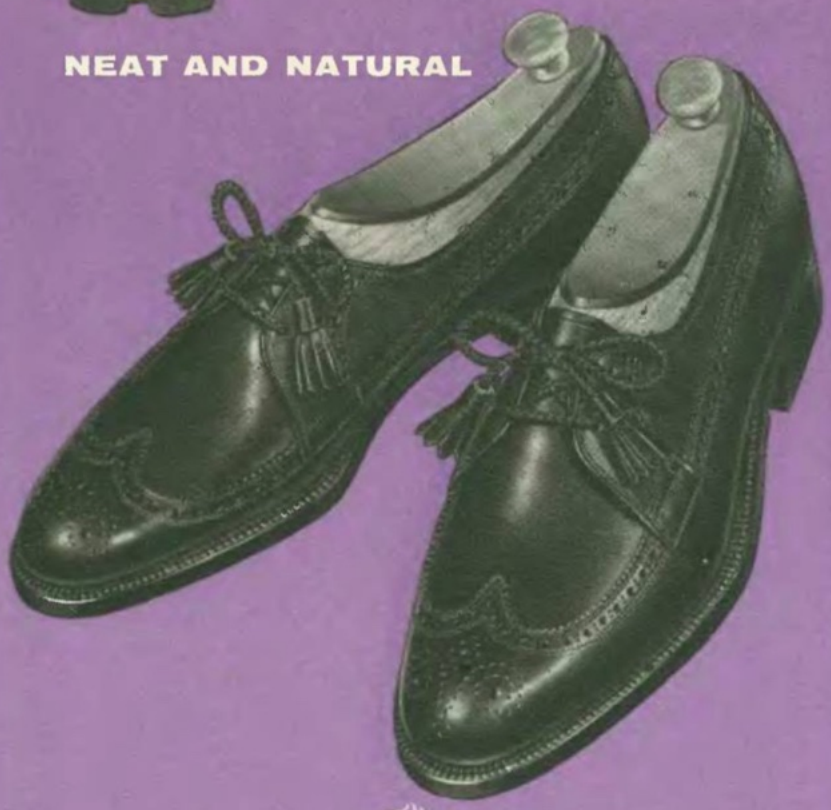

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ted to the hospital, and the program of cortisone treatment was suspended. He remained there this time for a week. On Wednesday morning, he requested a pen and some paper from a nurse, and in thirty minutes jotted down a record of his experiences, as he recalled them, during the past three weeks.

"I do not fully realize yet how toned up I was and still am," he wrote, in part. "Although I have been off the drug since last Sunday—today is Wednesday, February 17, 1954—there is still evidence of strange, yet wonderful things. I find that when I begin to talk, I talk incessantly. On Sunday, as soon as I got in bed, a complete sense of well-being overcame me. I developed complete and utter faith in the doctor and in the hospital staff. I feel a kind of floating sensation. Physically, I seem strong beyond imagination. For the first three days, I experienced an insatiable hunger—as though I could eat 100 meals at each serving—and yet I was able to control the urge to eat. Now I am able to wait for meals and do not seem to be hungry between meals. Mentally, I am as sharp as the proverbial tack. On Tuesday and today, I demonstrated to doctors, nurses, and other patients some remarkable feats. Crossword puzzles, which I usually left unfinished during my previous stay at the hospital after 30-40 minutes of patient effort, fall victim to my mind in five minutes. I completed today's cryptogram in the morning newspaper, which I had never had enough patience to even begin in the past, in about one-half hour. Mathematically, I find I can multiply two numbers in my head, such as 84 x 36, and get the product, 3024, almost as quickly as it takes me to write about it. Early yesterday afternoon, one of the patients showed me a page in her French reader. I read as fluently as if I were a native of France. Of course, elementary French is easy and I have always been able to read it fluently, but in recent years there have been moments of stumbling over words which seem to be absent today. Relative to the very writing of this account, it has been years since the words flowed so smoothly and the pen wrote so unhaltingly. Emotionally, I still exhibit a tendency to become annoyed by the petty behavior of the people around me, but now I can exercise remarkable control where strangers are concerned. I am even beginning to think that my overt behavior with most people is altogether normal. But with my wife, there remains a desire to impress upon her the rightness of my views, to mold her and to change her until she conforms completely to the artificial pat-

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tern I am setting up for her. I know it's wrong, and at present it seems to be the major part of the battle. I must reinstitute the controls which I have always exercised. I must realize that her behavior is not constituted of faults but that my standards of the past few days are out of line. Finally, I know nothing about medicine and I cannot discern what the doctor sees when he is examining me, but I appear to be healing. In fact, as crazy as it may seem, there are times when I seem to *feel* the healing process."

On Sunday, February 21st, at Dr. Prince's suggestion, Laurence was released from the hospital for a spell of rest at home. About three weeks later, on March 12th, some symptoms of periarteritis nodosa having reappeared, his doctor ordered him back to the hospital for what turned out to be a stay of about a month. Hormone therapy was resumed on a trial-and-error basis, and this led to the substitution of ACTH for cortisone. By the time Laurence was discharged from the hospital, forty units of ACTH, taken every four days, had been established as the optimum course. That was on April 10, 1954. He has been comfortably free ever since of any symptoms of either periarteritis nodosa or manic-depressive psychosis.

—Berton Roueché

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Meadville, Pa. (UP)—The Erie Methodist Conference was on record today in support of proposed federal legislation to ban television and radio advertising of alcoholic beverages.

The conference adopted a resolution Friday during its annual session at Allegheny College commending a bill introduced by Rep. Eugene Siler (R-Ky) which would prohibit the broadcast of beer, wine and liquor commercials.

"Every Methodist should be a champion of the cause of total absinthe," the resolution said.—*Du Bois (Pa.) Courier-Express.*

Indecisive little group, those Methodists.

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WHAT PAGE OF THE HARTFORD "COURANT" D'YA READ?

In 1902, Willis Haviland Carrier, a noted graduate of Cornell, designed the first air conditioning system, thereby refuting Charles Dudley Warner's famous statement that "everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it." (Mark Twain enthusiasts will get a shock if they look up the quotation in Stevenson.)—*May 22nd issue, page 3.*

Mark Twain once said, "Everybody complains about the weather, but nobody does anything about it."—*Same issue, page 6.*

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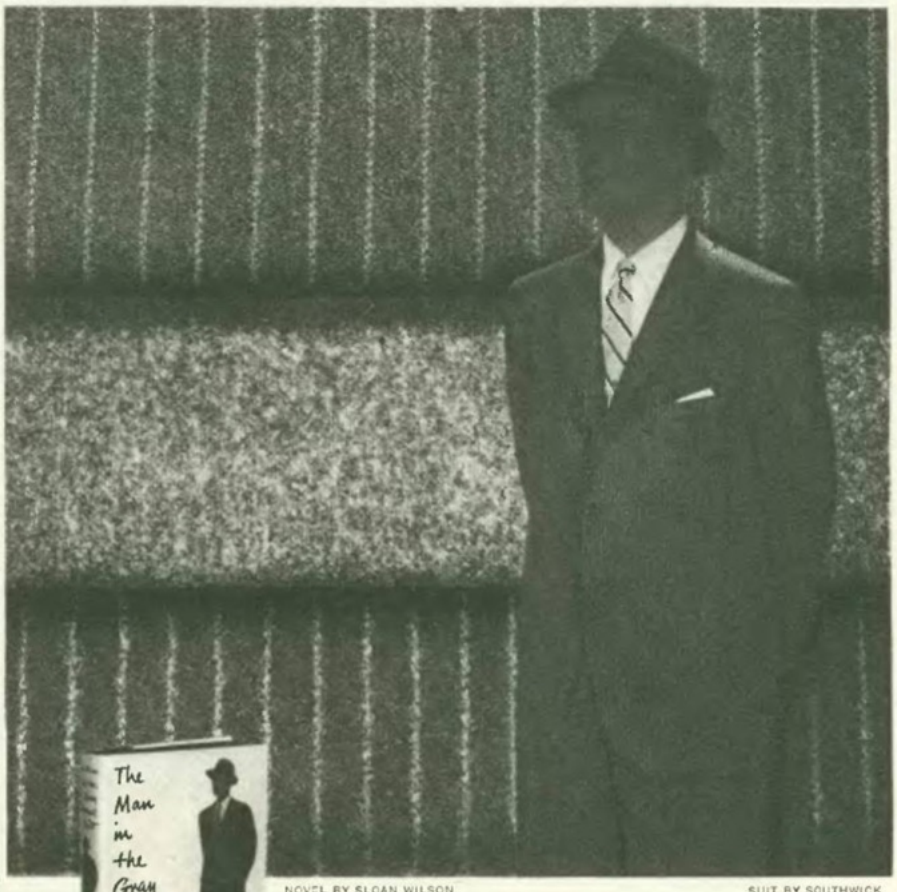

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Santa Barbara.....Tweeds and Weeds
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